

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

HOUSE AND LOT

Helen Thompson, newest and youngest member of the editorial staff of the "Daily News," looked with some trepidation at the assignment book of the city editor. She hoped she wouldn't have to "cover" one of the society weddings that usually fell to her lot. At such events she always felt like an outsider and intruder. Instant content came, however, when she saw sprawled in the city editor's hand, "Homemakers' Exhibit—Patterson Hall. Apply for tickets at business office. And then beneath, "Make it snappy."

These three words of instruction brought color to Helen's face. "Just as if my copy wasn't always snappy," said Helen to herself. "I always bring in snappy copy for the Joe Brooks takes it all out."

She felt a tinge of rebellion, but it was only a reflection. Helen was loyal to her superior, Joe Brooks, the city editor, and had caused more than one laugh among her associates by her rapid-fire defense of "Bossy Joe." In the main, however, Helen Thompson was filled with satisfaction, and, having taken a ticket for the Homemakers' Exhibit from the business office, she set out on what seemed to her an afternoon of real pleasure. For Helen was essentially domestic. She spent many leisure moments drawing plans of houses, perfectly possible little six-room houses that any young girl like Helen might feasibly expect to live in. But she had no such expectation. Necessity and circumstances had led her to start to work at twenty, and she assured herself that nobody ever married a woman reporter. So she wore her bobbed hair straight, donned rimmed spectacles, and never appeared in the office of the "Daily News" in any other costume than that of a mannish tweed suit.

At least she told herself, no one could accuse her of being a vamp, even if she did work in a newspaper office.

Helen took her time at the exhibit. She would not hurry to write her copy until after a 6 o'clock dinner and she could spend the afternoon in absorbing atmosphere. So she sampled infinitesimal biscuits meagerly spread with jam or jelly, drank cups of microscopic paper cups, watched for five minutes besides the booth where a large voiced young man demonstrated a patent potato peeler, bought a jar of marmalade, and collected a pound or so of pamphlets and several pounds of sample packages. Purposely she put off till last visiting the section of the hall devoted to portable cottages and bungalows. Some half dozen of these had been erected by many rival concerns selling portable structures. It was four when she at last reached this section. She sped past an eager-voiced young man who leaned from the railing of his booth, urging her to buy a lot in Hawthorne Park, a newly opened cottage settlement, and passed several bungalow tents on the six-room, one-story cottage that occupied the central position in the exhibit. Artificial rosevines rambled over the white lattice of the front porch, white birdhouses were perched on posts in the tiny back yard, ruffled white curtains could be seen through the open windows. So eager was Alice to begin her inspection of this house that she pushed her way through the crowd, leaving and entering by the tiny front porch.

She walked through the entire six rooms with a quick, appraising eye. It came up to her well-formulated standard of convenience in arrangement. Then she took each room in turn. Apparently nothing was lacking. There was the eating nook that she had dreamed of, with built-in cupboards above the benches at either side of the table. "We could eat breakfast here and every-day dinners," she reflected. "Then when there was company we could eat in the living room. So much more sensible than wasting space on a regular dining room."

In the kitchen Helen lingered beside the sink and imagined herself washing dishes in a pan of steaming soapuds. She looked out the window and imagined she saw country roads and blue sky and waving branches of trees instead of the throngs of visitors of the homemakers' exhibit. She took a deep breath and imagined that she breathed sweet country air instead of the vitiated air of the hall mingled with the cooking odors of the food booths.

For a half hour Helen remained in this little row-mid bungalow, forgetting in that time that, an one might have been noticing her enthusiastic inspection or have heard the sighs of mingled regret and pleasure. She gave a little start when a smooth-faced, frank-eyed woman approached her.

"You seem interested," she said. "Perhaps you would like to buy one of these little bungalows. It's just the thing for a young bride. Oh, but I'm a little late—I don't expect to be. I'm a working girl."

"Just the thing," smiled the woman. "You live at a boarding house. You have no place to entertain your friends, no place to cook your own meals, wash out your own clothes, raise flowers, or do any one of the dozen and one things that a young woman like you really enjoys doing. In a boarding house you ruin your health in a little cottage like this you conserve it. With a little cottage like this you need spend no money for holiday excursions, no money entertaining your friends, no—"

"How much is it?" faltered Helen.

"Twenty-nine hundred dollars," came back the answer, glibly. "and that includes the built-in furniture, the stove in the kitchen and the little bird-houses. It would cost only a trifle to have it erected."

"Twenty-nine hundred," Helen was repeating. Then she did some figuring and heard no more of the saleswoman's talk for a minute or so. She was reflecting that her meager patrimony, all she had in the world, consisted of \$3,000. And this with only \$2,900.

"It seems like a lot to spend," Helen reflected aloud. "Still, it would be an economy in the long run, and if it would mean better health and all—it seems almost as if I couldn't afford not to buy it!" Helen looked up with a happy smile and both women laughed.

Then in an effective whisper the saleswoman said that since Helen was a working girl, and since she was a kind of person who would doubtless make her cottage a good advertisement, she would probably be able to quote her a better price—say \$2,700. But that offer wouldn't be good long. Just now they had several of the bungalows on hand. There would be a big demand when summer came.

"Well," sighed Helen, "I guess I'll have to say yes."

And before five more minutes had passed Helen had signed her name to a little card that was a sort of promise that she would buy one of these houses at the price agreed. The saleswoman would call in a few days to finish the deal.

It was not until Helen had walked out in a sort of daze out toward the entrance of the exhibition hall that something astounding occurred to her. It was then that she thought arose that she would have to have some place to put the bungalow, and she had only \$200 left and that would probably be needed for erection expenses.

She was standing stock still wondering whether she had better go right back and tell the glib saleswoman of her difficulty, wondering if the signature on the card was binding, hoping somehow that it was so eager was she to possess the house whether or not she had any place to put it—when some one touched her elbow.

"Hello, Helen," it was the voice of the city editor, Joe Brooks. "I've been looking all over this place for you. There wasn't anything pressing at the office, and as I'd sent you here I thought you'd be here. Thought we might look around together. Well, how do you like it?"

"Really, I've enjoyed it so much; that is, until just now."

"Perhaps I'd have enjoyed it more," sighed Joe, "but the first thing I did was to run right into the arms of a smart guy selling lots at Hawthorne Park. Nice enough place, of course. Well, the long and the short of it is that I bit. I bought two lots—100 front by 150 deep. When I pay for that it

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

HOW DUCKBILL GOT JEALOUS



It swam gracefully about, spreading its wings and folding them again promptly.

Mr. Waggletail Duckbill was out for a walk. He stopped every now and then to gobble up something to eat. Then he would go on again.

Mr. Duckbill was feeling fine and very happy. He even hummed a little tune.

"A frog he would a-wooing go, Whether his Mammy would let him or no, Hi umpty larum a diddle oh!"

He stopped and ate a beetle. Then he went on and sang his song all over again.

"A frog he would a-wooing go," and so on.

This time he stopped and ate a mosquito.

He hummed another line and stopped to eat a white grub.

He'd eaten a fuzzy worm, a bee, a rain-toad and a grasshopper when he spied a lovely white creature with a long neck away out on Lily Pond.

It swam gracefully about, spreading its wings and folding them again proudly.

"Hi umpty larum a diddle oh!" said Mr. Duckbill, looking at the creature.

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Corn Chowder

By BERTHA E. SHAPIRE
Cooking Authority of NEA
Service and Columbia
University.

1 quart green corn cut from
cob or 1 pint canned corn

1 quart thinly sliced potatoes

1/2 cup bacon or clear fat pork
(cut in dice)

22 onions thinly sliced

2 tablespoons flour

2 teaspoons salt

1/2 teaspoon pepper

1 quart water

1 pint milk

8 crackers

Try out the bacon or pork
in a kettle and in it fry the
onions for a few minutes, being
careful they do not brown.

Then put in a layer of potatoes
and a layer of corn,
sprinkle over these part of the
flour, salt and pepper. Repeat
until the material is all used.

Cover with the water and
cook until potatoes are soft.
Add milk, bring to boiling
point, add crackers and serve
when the crackers are soft. Add
more salt and pepper if desired.

Corn chowder is a "one kettle"
dish and is sufficient for
lunch or supper as the main
dish. Chowders are always
better the second day reheated.

will pretty nearly eat up my bank
account. What the deuce a bachelor
like me wanted to buy a home
for I don't know. Perhaps I had a

Make Your Own
BUG KILLER

P. D. Q.

You can easily make at home a
full quart of the strongest bug-killer
for 35c, enough to kill a million bed-
bugs, roaches, fleas and ants. This
recipe will not burn, rot or stain
clothing, and is entirely different
from any other formula we know
of, as it will kill the eggs.

Procure of your drug store a 35c package of
Perry Davis' Quietus F. D. Q., then you will
have the chemical made expressly for
killing insects.

Impossible for the pesky devils to exist with
the proper use of P. D. Q.

Special Hospital size \$2.50—makes five gal-
lons. P. D. Q. can be purchased in sealing bot-
tles, double strength, liquid form.

—not cheaper
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Heinze & Co.
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"But what am I going to do about my story? I was so confused that I seem to have forgotten what I intended to write, and you said to make it snappy!"

"Come right along to the office. We'll write the story up just as it happened about your buying a bungalow and my buying a lot, and then deciding to get married. That will be snappy enough, I guess, and that—"

"Then what?" asked Helen, wondering if Joe would ask her to have dinner.

"Why, then we'll go and get the license and see if we can find a minister to marry us!"

JAPANESE TOY MAKERS HIT.

TOKIO, Aug. 4. — Hard times have hit the toy makers, dealers and the children of Japan. During the boom there were 500 celluloid toy factories in Tokyo and shops and peddlers did big business in Asakusa and other resorts about the city. Despite the fact that the toys are now sold at one-fourth boom day prices customers have become so scarce that factories are going into bankruptcy or out of business.

Some 45,000 stitches are required to make the ordinary suit of clothes.

Fansy is the official flower of the city of Butte, Mont.

MEDIUM BROWN HAIR looks best of all after a Golden Glim Shampoo.—A.V.

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Not Many Summer Dresses
Left But All We Have
Will Sell For a Song

---the finest of all times
to pick up Osgood's
Dresses 'way below cost!

at \$2.95

EXCELLENT Gingham Dresses, formerly priced as high as \$7.50 will move out at the unusually low price of \$2.95. Early shoppers (this week end) will find a goodly assortment of styles, colors and sizes.

at \$5.00

WASH Dresses designed in rare taste and suitable for many more weeks of Summer wearing. Made of finest imported gingham, eponge, voile, dotted swiss, etc. Quite a number of garments in this group. Formerly priced up to \$12.50.

at \$10.00

SPLENDID, high class Silk Dresses in sports models. Light colors are especially featured and the materials are staple quality crepe and other novelty silks. Several are combination color Dresses. Values as high as \$25.00.

at \$15.00

REMARKABLE value at a remarkably low price. Many of the Dresses in this lot were marked even as high as \$39.50—so it is apparent that you can choose at an immense saving. Made of Canton crepe, georgette and other rich silks in a variety of models. Plenty in black and navy blue suitable for street wearing even through the Fall season.

Your Choice of \$1
100 Hats at... 1

Clearance or remaining Summer Modes for both sports and dressy wear. Sale price is very, very much below original cost.

Osgood's
for
Quality

"THE BEST PLACE TO SHOP AFTER ALL"

"Enter, the Flapper"

Begin This Modern Romance of Wild Youth Dancing Through
Passion's Flame.

For an instant there was a startled silence, as shocked reaction to the landlord's invitation that the party spend the night at his inn.

Even Peggy, carried away with chagrin at being dragged off at the suggestion of her triumphant rival, was jolted into realization of what their party must seem to an outsider.

It was she who replied:

"No, thank you, we must be leaving."

Winnie breathed with relief at what seemed a clearing of the air. She herself was prepared to risk damnation as a "crepe-hanger," or any other spillover, had there been the slightest inclination to accept the host's invitation. She hoped another hour would see them safe at home.

But she counted without the devil that was still alive in Peggy. To be sent to bed like a school child, and at the instance of the common stage girl scarcely older in years than herself—was too much.

And to go without a struggle, leaving the field clear and easy to Olive? No, that wouldn't do. Bobby and the landlord engaged in a brief and not very determined argument as to payment, the host insisting he wouldn't think of taking remuneration; that it was his treat, and ended with their bringing it, and at last the